

Tension by ObeyDontStray

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Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lonnie Byers

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Summary:

Lonnie Byers never did know when to shut his mouth.

Tension

Joyce knew the situation was set to boil over eventually, and that it did. After his own shift, Jim had escorted her to his truck after her shift at Donald's, they intended on a quiet dinner at home with the boys but Lonnie Byers saw fit to ruin that notion for them.

"You're a sorry excuse for a man, Jim Hopper!" Lonnie called from behind Jim as Jim held Joyce's hand. His grip was tight on her, he was trying to show her he was making an effort at controlling himself in the situation. "You've been trying to steal her from me since you dragged your sorry ass back into town. Why did you come back, Jim? City too big for ya? Wife realized you ain't worth shit?" Jim opened the passenger door, nearly shoving an angry Joyce into the passenger side.

"You're a sorry sack of shit, Lonnie Byers!" She called over Jim's shoulder.

"I hope you enjoy my sloppy seconds, Hop!" Lonnie fired back and Joyce seen every muscle in Jim's body tense. "I bet she thinks about me when she's with you."

Joyce scoffed audibly from the truck as Jim shut the door, containing her. "I fucking hate you, Lonnie!"

Lonnie positioned himself at the front of the truck near Joyce's window so that Jim would have to walk by him. By now a small crowd had gathered around the truck. "You couldn't keep your own family afloat, you had to move in and steal mine." Lonnie fumed. "Not like my boys amount to shit anyway. It's Joyce's fault she brought two faggots into the world. Her boys are a disappointment."

Jim stopped where he was, his fists balling at his sides. His composure was slipping. "You don't deserve Joyce and you definitely don't deserve those kids." He growled and Lonnie shoved him as Jim walked around him.

"At least she's good in bed, right? That's probably why you're still around. Does she still suck dick like her life depends on it?" He said,

his voice raising at that last statement for the entire crowd to hear.

Jim rounded the truck quickly and, with his old football instincts kicking in, shoulder tackled Lonnie into the side of the truck, denting it. Lonnie swung at Jim, managing to catch him in the eye with a right hook, busting his cheek open. Jim growled and rammed the man into the truck again before punching him in the gut. When he doubled over, Jim caught him square in the face with his knee, busting Lonnie's nose. He grabbed the smaller man by the collar and tossed him to the pavement. He was crouched over him, landing repeated blows when Powell and Callahan seized him by the shoulders, struggling to pull the big man off of Lonnie. Donald jumped in and helped them.

"You're gonna kill him, Hop! Stop!" Powell growled into his ear. "It'd serve the bastard right!" Jim grunted, trying to break free of the men's grasp for another shot at Lonnie.

Everyone left Lonnie to stand on his own, clutching his bloody face. He clutched his jaw, Hopper probably broke it. And Jim hoped he had. Callahan reached into the truck and called for an ambulance. "And what are we supposed to do with you, Hop? Lock you up?" Powell asked. "He started it, but I'll gladly sit in jail for that." Jim grinned, his eye already turning purple. Several of the onlookers came forward to tell Powell that Lonnie had in fact started it when he shoved Hopper, and that Hop had restrained himself quite well until Lonnie made that horrid statement.

"What are you going to do to him, Powell?" Joyce asked, leaning out of her window. "Normally we keep guys a day or two for fighting. It's probably best if Hop cools down at the station for a while."

Jim put his bruised hands behind his back. "May as well give me the full presidential treatment, boys." He said sarcastically. "Cuff me." Powell shoved him in the direction of their police car. "Just get in the backseat, Hopper. Just go peacefully."

As Hopper walked by Lonnie he made a move to rush him and Powell caught him by the wrists, giving in and cuffing Hop before shoving him against the patrol car. Joyce ran over to him. "All you had to do is ignore him. You know he's got grounds to press charges. Or to sue

you, since he knows the boys won't really punish you."

"It was fucking worth it, baby." Jim grinned, wincing at the pain in his eye. Blood dripped down his face and through his beard. Lonnie's blood stained his uniform in several places. The paramedics checked Lonnie over, Jim had indeed broken his jaw as well as his nose. Jim grinned at the news and leaned low to kiss Joyce hard. He looked around at the small crowd that still lingered to watch the commotion. Then he said it loud enough for the bystanders to hear, shifting uncomfortably in the handcuffs.

"Marry me, Joyce."